

Arizona Republican's Editorial Page

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SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 2, 1914.

Anybody can give good advice, but it takes both a wise and a strong man to follow it.

—Maurice Switzer.

The Progressive Ticket

Announcement is made this morning of candidates for nomination by the progressive party of this state for the office of governor, United States senator and attorney general and other places on the state ticket. As, in all probability there will be no contests for the nominations for the three highest offices, the candidates named will be the progressive candidates at the general election. Candidates have been suggested for the other state offices than those already named, and announcement of them will shortly be made.

It may be said of George U. Young, candidate for the nomination for governor; Dr. J. B. Nelson, for United States senator, and Captain J. L. B. Alexander, for attorney general, that they have consented with reluctance to enter this contest, but they are in it none the less earnestly. They have not come into it for the mere sake of "filling the ticket" or keeping up the progressive organization through a campaign. Neither are they in it for the mere sake of office. While that of United States senator is a position which any man in any circumstances would wish to occupy, an election to the office of governor would involve a sacrifice on the part of Mr. Young, and an election to the office of attorney general would mean a heavy financial sacrifice by Captain Alexander.

It is the hope of these candidates, as it was the purpose of those who besought them to become candidates, to redeem the state from extravagance, inefficiency and misrule. They believe that the rescue of Arizona, in the existing circumstances, can better be accomplished through the progressive party than by any other instrumentality or party. They will, therefore, appeal for support, not only to progressives, but to such democrats and such republicans as care more for the prosperity and the good name of Arizona than they do for the triumph of any political party.

It is a matter of common knowledge that these candidates, as well as nearly all the progressive leaders, while set severely against fusion with the republican party, favored a genuine, non-partisan movement, to include men and women of all parties. Such a movement, of course, would involve the retirement of the republican leaders, of whom the people so overwhelmingly voiced their distrust two years ago. Likewise, it would involve the retirement of democratic machine politicians. But the manipulators of both machines were unwilling to retire in favor of a non-partisan movement which, therefore, became impracticable. It was then decided by progressive voters and voters of progressive tendencies to go before the people and ask their co-operation in a movement to replace an extravagant government by an economical and efficient government.

The men who have been put forward as candidates are well suited to the work of redeeming the state. All of them are from the ranks, are self-made and well-made men. They have clean records. Mayor Young and Captain Alexander have records as capable and conscientious officials whose service of the people was as impartial as it was efficient. Dr. Nelson is less well known in Arizona, but he is respected and admired by those who know him as an instructor and orator, a competent and virile man who is held in the highest esteem in Colorado and Utah, where he was engaged in academic and professional work.

In more minute detail the claims of these candidates will be presented to the voters as the campaign proceeds. The rest of the state ticket when announced will be found to appeal as strongly to those who prefer an economical and efficient government to a machine government.

All Were Ready for War

From the beginning, a little more than a week ago, a general European war seemed inevitable. While such an outcome was outwardly deplored by the representatives of all the governments involved, there was a general, and we believe, an accurate impression that none of them, with the possible exception of Italy, really desired to avoid it. Germany held the key of peace. A word to Austria and the first move would not have been made. Later, by leaving Austria to her fate, the struggle would have been confined to extreme eastern Europe. But Germany resented suggestions to use her influence, and her replies and notes were all provocative of the oncoming struggle.

We may understand why France, Great Britain and Russia might desire a war at this time. Germany's reasons are not quite so clear, when we take into consideration the great danger to which she is subjected by the powerful allies which would be arrayed against her. It is probably the German view that the earlier conclusions are tried, the better. A situation must be met sometime. The process of her isolation by Russia, France and Great Britain had been in progress for years, and year by year her irritation increased. Her isolation was be-

coming more nearly complete as the military and naval strength of France, Russia and Great Britain grew, for the strength of three must outgrow the strength of one. Her own internal troubles, too, must be mollified, and there is nothing more quickly mollifying than a foreign war.

Germany has probably regretted many times that she did not force the situation at the time of the Agadir affair. France was not ready. England was less ready than now, and Russia had hardly risen from her crushing defeat in the far east. The allies are now probably prepared for an eventuality which all of them knew must come, so that their expressed hopes of peace were not genuine and were only uttered by their diplomats to keep the record straight.

What will come out of the struggle, no one can know; but within the next few weeks the world will learn much of war, as it learned much when Russia and Japan fought. It will probably not be fought to the utter defeat of Germany or her enemies. Sickened by the carnival of blood, such as the world never saw, there will possibly come a settlement, and we may conjecture that it will be at the expense of Austria. A very satisfactory settlement, satisfactory to all but Austria, might then be easily reached. It would be the effacement of Austria. To Germany would go the Germanic portion and to Russia the Slav portion. There would be new Balkan definitions strengthening the position of Great Britain in the east. Russia would be given an outlet to the Mediterranean. The Rhine provinces would be restored to France. The abysses would thus have been opened and freed. Another century might elapse before another operation would be imperative.

This recalling of German Atlantic liners from the passenger service to be converted into war vessels is likely to prove inconvenient to thousands of Americans, who went to Europe last spring intending to return. Many of them, we fear, are unable to swim.

When Messrs. Hubbell and Morrison have succeeded in cementing the progressive and republican parties, they might try their practiced hands on the sundered democratic factions.

So long as a tree bends, it will not break, and while the process of mobilization goes on, there will be no fighting and bloodshed.

In the face of the greater quarrel, the unionists and nationalists of Ireland are shaking hands.

We do not care whether it rains here or not, just so it keeps it up on the watershed.

What has the national administration to do with the lower price of gasoline?

LITTLE JAMES

(Concerning the Miscarriage of a Political Peace Mission Through Arizona)

"How Buttle is th' Peet of them that brings th' Gospel of Peace," sez Josef Morrison, but Lorenzo Hubbell he sez: "No doubt that's a Grate Trooth sense they's somethin' like in th' Bible, but somehow it don't seem to apply to us none. I wear number Nines myself an' your Peet's even bigger. Besides, we don't seem to be gittin' no Results so far as I can see. Th' only Proddux of our Mishun of Peace yit to Date has been to Skeer Kurnel Allen Teebird so's to make him Jump out of th' Republican party."

"Sense we started out on this here Passific Tower of th' State we done more to Bust up what's left of th' Republican party'n th' Progressifs has done. We've had a more Terrivin' Effect onto th' Remnants of th' Republicans 'n if we'd been a Couple of Genowine Bull Moosers, I gess 'at th' Trouble with us is 'at our Peet's too big to come under th' Scripcherle Hied of Buttle. We made a Unwise choice when we lected ourselves to go around carryin' Olive Branches which this here nervous Kurnel Teebird mistook for Big Sticks an' got Stompeded."

"I'm willin' to Admit," sez Mister Morrison, "at th' Conduct of Kurnel Teebird is wun of th' Supprizineest things which I ever seen in American Polytix. If things was anybody 'at I thought was a Stampat Republican which cudent be Stompeded none, it was this here Kurnel Teebird which has been Holdin' offices for a Skoar of Years till he was Jarred Loose by a Democrat Nashlie Administration. It was the hardest Blo 'at Kurnel Teebird ever got. I gess he must think 'at th' Democrat party is like th' Lord 'Whom it luvveth it chaseth,' an' he probably takes gittin' Kicked out of Offis as a shame sine of Democrat Affekshun fer him."

"I've knode Kurnel Teebird a long time," sez Mister Hubbell, "an' I don't think 'at he's got any sich Morffe in gittin' Skeered. He's too Vindickat to Lick th' Hand 'at Smites him. I bet he's jined th' Democrat Party jist to git Even with it. But that ain't Neether here or There. The main fack is 'at th' Furder you an' me goes on this here Peete Mishun, th' Fewer Republicans we Leave beehind us. Our Path through th' Republican Ranx in Arizona looks like th' Destroin' Angel's been along, only we ain't no Angel."

LITTLE JAMES.

TOO GOOD-LOOKING FOR BUSINESS

Ever since the advent of Cissy, there had been wrath and rebellion among the girl ushers of the Fifth Avenue vaudeville house.

Without warning, and without reason, with no more lucid explanation than the flap of a lean hand, Pat Crow, the head usher, had banished Gladys, the titian-tinted, ushering on the left-hand box aisle, orchestra, to the high but ignominious second balcony, and had installed Cissy, a brand-new girl, in Gladys' coveted place on the orchestra floor. Injustice alone, smacking of the foul odor of favoritism, was enough to make the ushers, as one woman, sob with Gladys and sniff at Cissy. Cissy's beauty added insult to injury. Cissy's slumberous violet eyes were fringed by naturally black lashes, her lips needed no rouge stick, the color in her cheeks came and went of its own accord, and on her first appearance in the ushers' dressing room, in preparation for the daily matinee, she had complacently taken down coil after coil of shimmering hair—not a switch, not a braid, not a "transformation," but irremovable, unfaked, titian hair! Gladys, the titian-tinted, had wilted.—Gertrude Brooks Hamilton, in Women's Stories.

METER INSPECTOR

Browne—What ever became of Digg? You remember, he took a Ph.D. in Greek poetry.
Grey—He's scanning meters for a gas company.
—The Smart Set.

SIR EDWARD GREY LEADS WORLD IN EFFORT TO HALT GREAT CONFLICT



Sir Edward Grey.

Returning post-haste from the country on receipt of reports that Austria had invaded Serbian territory and that Serb troops had fired on Austrian soldiers on the Danube, Sir Edward Grey, the British foreign minister, immediately communicated with the British envoys in Europe in an effort to cut short the conflict by mediation.

AFFECTS COUNTRY VOTERS

"I carried the country districts overwhelmingly, but was beaten in St. Louis by the machine."

The speaker was Perry S. Rader, candidate for judge of the supreme court of this state and he was referring to the race he had made for this same office on a former occasion. Judge Rader thinks that there is a corrupt machine in St. Louis which dominates elections. He thinks there is another machine in Kansas City and he makes no secret of his thorough belief in the total depravity of each of these machines. This belief is not peculiar to Judge Rader. On the contrary, it is quite a general belief and the judge's testimony is only valuable because it comes from observation at close range and from personal contact.

A municipal election held in Kansas City recently, at which a question of railroad franchise was submitted, gives very strong evidence of wholesale corruption and gang methods in carrying the franchise to victory.

What is this to the voter in the country? It is a matter of vital concern to the country voter.

It is so because the country vote may be nullified in the big cities by tough gangs of repeaters hired for pay. Country elections are usually very fair. Instances of corruption in the country are the exception, while in the big cities corruption appears to be the rule. Therefore fair elections in the country are nullified by foul elections in the cities.

How to make elections as honest in the cities as they are in the country seems to be somewhat of a problem. The ward boss of the cities and the workers—"Indians" or "rabbits," as they are sometimes called—present a problem in government that is peculiar. Just how to correct the abuses is not at present quite clear, but it surely is not a difficulty unconquerable by law. The person who abuses the ballot is not fit to be entrusted with it. Such a person deserves to be disfranchised, deprived of his citizenship and made a political outcast. The country people would approve a law properly enforced which would deprive the city tough and repeater of further power to set at naught the votes of those who conduct themselves on election days like decent men who hold their citizenship in respect.—Saxxie (Mo.) Record.

MARRIAGE AND THE MODERN MAID

The modern girl of advanced ideas and knowledge of the intricacies of life is pictured in Rosemary Heyham one of the characters of "A Lady and Her Husband," by Amber Reeves (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Rosemary makes certain points very clear to her affianced husband. Says she:

"I am not going to make a little warm, deep hole for our life together, like mice making their nest in the dark. I'm going"—she pressed her hands together—"to have none of these secretaries and loyalties that grow up round people—like laurels in front of basement windows—and shut out the air and the light. I shan't pretend to everyone that you're a little god. I despise women who go on for years pretending they don't know that their husband is a drunkard. I shan't feel that just because I'm married to you I ought to admire things I should hate if I weren't. I'm not going to be loyal to you, Tony, and worship your likes and dislikes. I'm going to be loyal to what is beautiful and brave."

"I think marriage ought to complete one's life, and make it wider and finer, not narrow it down to mutton and dusters and one little particular set of people. It would, if only most women weren't so lazy, and such cowards. Whenever anything happens to them they make it a reason for slackening their hold and shutting their eyes. They're growing up, or they're marrying, or they're not as young as they used to be, so they leave off doing the things they like, and they leave off being interested in anything that's a trouble. Well, I'm not going to! I love you, Tony, more than I can tell you, and I love love, but one's life, one's soul, is the most important!"

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FREAKS OF AN IOWA TORNADO

The following story of the freaks of an Iowa tornado is told in the American Magazine.

Mr. R., his wife and eight children were living in Iowa, near the city of Grinnell, on a pretty farm as one would wish to see. After a very hot day, the three little folks being fast asleep in bed, the older members of the family sat upon the porch in the early evening, longing for a cooling breeze. The air had been hot and lifeless all day and sunset brought little relief, though gathering clouds gave promise of a cooling shower.

About 8 o'clock a strange rumbling sound startled them. It was not thunder and at once impressed them with a sense of peril, for the roar grew louder each minute. A hasty glance to the westward showed a black funnel-shaped cloud coming toward them with an ominous roar and frightful speed, and with wild cries of "A cyclone, the cyclone!" Mrs. R. caught up the baby, the father seized the two other sleeping children, and all made a frantic rush for the cellar door. The foremost one had scarcely reached it when a terrific crash overwhelmed them. The house was apparently lifted up bodily and dropped, driving some of the timbers in to the earth like tent pegs.

Mr. R. felt himself lifted in the air and the next minute was aroused by a terrifying plunge in cold water, which brought back his scattered senses. He had come down head first into the well! Instantly rising to the top, gasping for breath, he felt something floating on the water. It proved to be his 5-year-old son, dazed and frightened, neither of them hurt by their airy flight. The pump had been torn away by the cyclone, leaving a 2-inch iron pipe standing straight up in the middle. Raising the boy to his shoulders Mr. R., by the help of the pipe, managed to work his way to the top of the well, a long hard pull, with a mind full of dark forebodings. Making his way over the dismal wreckage of broken timbers and prostrate trees he found his wife with two of the younger children, trembling with terror but unhurt. The eldest daughter came running from the orchard with the baby in her arms; she had found him upon the ground unhurt, and he had not even cried.

The three boys were calling from the cellar, where they were imprisoned. The stove, organ and a heavy desk had coasted in when the floor had been dropped askew, and it was a hard task to set them free, but they too, were safe. It is almost unbelievable that a cyclone that had scattered their cozy home along the prairie for a mile or more and had not spared enough to make a respectable hen-house, had left every one of that large family unhurt except for a few minor bruises. The barn was gone, but there stood the thirty head of cattle still tied to the stanchions, only one injured so that it had to be killed, and the two horses unharmed.



other things now as common as air. These things add to the cost of living and it takes a scientific manager to be successful.

The Phoenix National Bank

Moving Fast

Abraham Lincoln never saw a Pullman Car, or Dining Car, a Bicycle, a Trolley Car, an Electric Light, a Steel Skyscraper, a Concrete Bridge, an Adding Machine, a Typewriter, an Automobile, or numerous